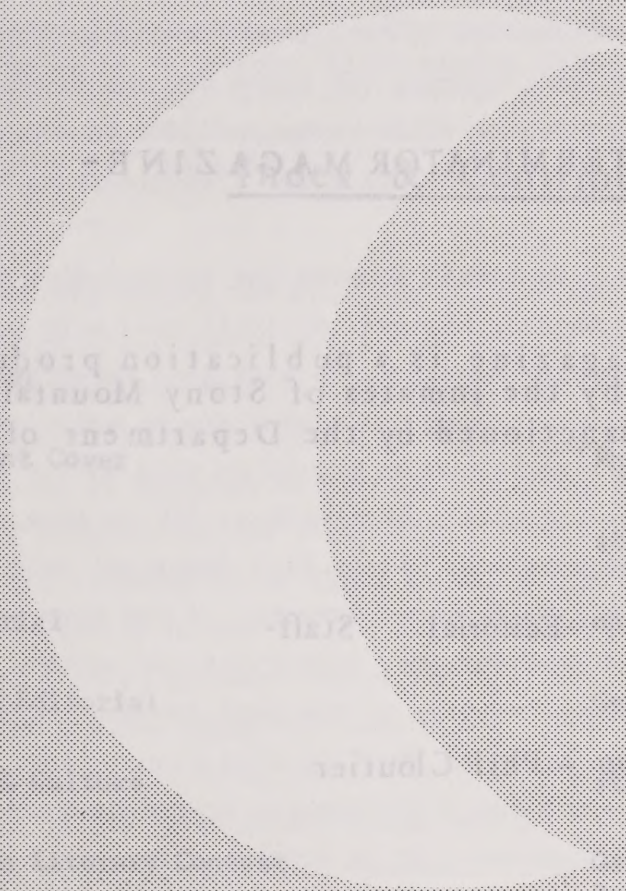




CENTRE OF CINEMA

LIBRARY

TERMINATOR

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

PENAL PUBLICATION

SEPT-OCT. 1974

-THE TERMINATOR MAGAZINE-

The terminator magazine is a publication produced every two months by the inmates of Stony Mountain Penitentiary and sanctioned by the Department of the Solicitor General.

-Editorial Staff-

Daryle Johnston - Phil Cloutier

Illustrations and Layout- Gerry Clement

Address all enquiries and correspondence to:

THE EDITOR
TERMINATOR MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 101
Stony Mountain, Manitoba
ROC 3A0

Index & Contributors

Cover design	Richard Anderson
Inside Front Cover	Phil Cloutier
Index	staff
1 Editorial	daryle Johnston
2 Guest Editorial	Georgia Straight
4 Arts & Culture	staff
5 Inside Literary Contest	Gerry Coffee Bruce Frost
6 Money For Articles	staff
7 Mr. Businessman	staff
8 Prison Journalism	Bert Dancereau
10 Delancey Street Foundation	Staff
13 Show -A- Thon	staff
15 Artists Page	clement
16 Prison Subculture; Part II	staff
18 Twenty-five-Thirty-eight Parole	James Duxter
21 Though All The Fates Should Prove Unkind	Henry David Thoreau
22 Systematic Overhaul	staff
22 Subscriber's Add	Clement

Editorial Page

Greetings once again from the editor. You'll notice on the inside front cover that there are, once again, changes. For instance, out Lay - out man has left us for greener pastures. (No! He did not join another newspaper!) We have a good man in his place though; Gerald Clement. He is now doing our illustrations; when we have any that is.

I'm pleased to announce that we have almost doubled the subscription rate to the TERMINATOR during the past four months. However, we still need many more subscribers before we can become a self-supported magazine. We also need material from people. If you have any comments whatsoever, please don't hesitate to write them in to the editor. You'll find all the information on how to do this on the inside front cover. Even if you happen to read something interesting, let us know.

We've lost our question and answer column. Little Bill Jones got into some other things and just doesn't have the time anymore. However, if you have any questions we will still be happy to answer them for you. Just write the editor.

There are busy times ahead in Stony Mountain in the next few months. In October, there is a Show-A-Thon; which you can read about in this issue. Also, the institutions Toastmaster Club is hosting a Toastmaster Area Speech Contest in October. There is a sports banquet coming up in October. There is a music school commencing in October. There is a television program being produced here in October. So, you see, things will be hectic for some time.

In November there is a great deal happening as well but October seems to be the month that all things happen that don't during the summer.

I made an interesting observation recently. The inmates of Federal penitentiaries are making an additional ten cents per day. I also noticed that the canteen went up enough to negate the rise in pay. The cost of sugar alone (up to .50¢ from .35¢), totally outweighs the rise in earnings for the inmates.

This only makes me say that I certainly hope that Warren Allmand's plan to create a minimum wage for incarcerated people is carried through!

My editorial is fairly general this issue. You will have the opportunity to hear much more from me in other articles in the paper.

Thanks for subscribing and we hope that you are being enlightened by the articles that you find in our paper.

In case you didn't know, other institutions put out papers as well. They have been doing some advertising for us and it is greatly appreciated. Also, Reid Dickie of CFRW FM has done more for us. Thanks readers and friends.

GUEST EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL COMMENT: We saw this one going through the Inside News; a Drumheller publication available by sending \$3.00 to Box 3000, Drumheller, Alberta if you want a years subscription. (They are a monthly.) The Inside News, always on the look for controversial topics and good things, saw this in the Georgia Straight; a Vancouver based #1 "head-sheet."

*

*

*

The case of Jeffrey Cohen, the millionaire heir and vice-president of Army & Navy Department Stores Ltd., should prove once and for all that there is, in this city, one law for the rich and powerful and another for the rest of us.

On Monday, Provincial Court Judge John Layton sentenced Cohen to two years probation for possession of 29 capsules of heroin, and meted out a \$500.00 fine for possession of one gram of cocaine. In the light of the common judicial practice in cases of this nature, the sentence is so light as to be almost a joke.

The penalty regularly handed out in this city for a simple possession of Heroin is six months in jail, minimum, for a first offence, with a maximum possible sentence of seven years under the law. Judge Layton's sentence is especially in the light of the request from Cohen's attorney, Thomas Dohm, that the judge treat Cohen as he would any other young person who is in trouble for the first time. That Cohen was given preferential treatment is obvious by the lightness of Judge Layton's sentence.

Another deviation from regular judicial procedure comes to light in the fact that Cohen was not charged with intent to traffick in spite of the fact that he was in possession of 29 capsules of heroin. Possession of this amount would normally result in an automatic charge of possession for the purpose of trafficking being laid against the accused, with the onus being on the accused to prove there was no intention to traffick. Dohm had this charge withdrawn on the grounds that Cohen is rich and therefore had no reason to traffick to support his three cap a day habit. This could set an interesting legal precedent. One can now envision a millionaire dope pusher having intent to traffick drugs charges dropped on the grounds that he was rich; in spite of the fact that he may have made his millions pushing drugs.

A third deviation from the regular judicial practice is the fine imposed by Judge Layton for the possession of one gram of cocaine. It is common practice for judges to impose fines only for simple possession of soft drugs such as cannabis. But under the law, cocaine is still classified as a narcotic, and possession usually carries with it a mandatory sentence in jail.

(Guest Editorial cont'd)

What is perhaps even more staggering and **incomprehensible** is the attitude of the prosecutor, Frank Haar, who said that the sentence was not out of line for a first offender and that the Crown has no **plans** to appeal.

The whole affair is one of the most flagrant cases of bending the law to come before the people of this city for some time. That the daily press of Vancouver not seen fit to comment has indeed, relegated the story to a few inches on the inside pages is shameful but predictable.

If Jeffrey Cohen had not the funds to hire out of retirement Thomas Dohm -- formerly a judge and head of the Vancouver Stock Exchange -- to defend him; if he was not the vice-president of a department store, but, Joe Doaks, junkie, he would not now be paying regular visits to his probation **officer** but would be sitting in prison.....awaiting visits from family and friends.

If a prison sentence penalty would have been to severe a penalty to impose on Jeffrey Cohen then it is too heavy a sentence to impose on any other first offender who appears before a judge on similar charges. The kind of favouitism and bending of the law shown by the principals in this case does nothing to alleviate the already failing respect felt by **many** citizens toward the judiciary and the institution it ostensibly upholds!

-INSIDE NEWS Magazine-

-excerpt from Georgia Straight; July 4/74-

*

*

*

SIGN AT A TOASTMASTER MEETING:

"If it is to be
It is up to me"

-eyewatcher-

*

*

*

ARTS & CULTURE

MUSIC SCHOOL

Stony Mountain Institution is now setting up a Music School to begin in mid-October. This Music Workshop is basically designed to teach music theory and classical guitar. The Kent School of music is holding the course and it is being co-ordinated by Daryle Johnston through Mr. Petzold of the Arts and Culture Centre within the institution. There may be more classes after this first one so it may be wise to place your requests in now if you are a resident of this prison. Submit your requests to either Daryle Johnston or to Rev. Bell in the Chapel as soon as possible. There is a small fee involved but nothing that could be called inflationary.

For more information, see Daryle Johnston or contact Mr. Petzold in the Old Hospital.

Speaking of music, you all know that there are three institutional bands. Every once in a while there are vacancies in them. There are auditions being held for a bass player for Soul Spectrum. Contact Ken Pickering on B-2!

*

*

*

ART CLASS

We would like to see more inmates in the art class. It doesn't matter how well or how bad you think you are; someone else will think he's better or worse than you.

- SO:
- If you like to draw
 - If you want to learn to draw
 - If you want to improve
 - If you want to meet guys with the same interest

THEN:

- fill out a request to:

Art Class

- just say that you want to join

Winter is coming so a lot of people will want to join. Both increase in proportion to each other. Submit your request now!

Inside Literary Contest

EDITORIAL COMMENT: Last issue we had printed the two first place winners of an inside literary contest that was held by our other publication, The Inside News-Letter. This issue we print the third and fourth place winners. Read on, and enjoy some good poetry.

*

*

*

(3rd)

TO BE

A wise man once said
To think is to be,
The wise man now dead
This means nothing to me.

When I think
That he thought,
Just like I'm thinking now.
I think that it's not worth the trouble somehow.

Well I bothered to write
And you bothered to read
Though our deaths are in sight
Our thoughts have been freed.

-Gerry Coffee-

(4th)

REFLECTIONS

Inside my brain the silence screams,
And life goes on or so it seems
And yet I know as life goes by
A day looms close when I will fly.

Into the blaze of flashing sun
My love and I will be as one.
We'll reach the peak and then will fall.
No more to hear the siren call.

I wonder if I'll walk the path
Of right or wrong or aftermath
Or take that road that leads me back.
To hate and shame and the heavy pack.

To cry my tears of bitter grief
And know that I won't find relief
Until that day when I am free
A curse on you---humanity.

-Bruce Frost-

*

*

*

EDITORIAL COMMENT: I was reading the Candle newspaper and I saw this item. I knew it would be of interest to all incarcerated people and figured that I'd reprint what I saw. Here is a good thing...let's use it!

*

*

*

The publishers and editors of this publication are hopeful that inmates in various penal institutions throughout the United States, Canada, and foreign countries will contribute original articles, poems, or cartoons to Correctional Programs News (The Candle).

Our aim is to encourage inmates to communicate their inspirational experiences and ideas to other inmates. At the same time, the possibility of conveying their thoughts to a large penal community should also be very rewarding.

A cheque for \$25.00 will be forwarded to the writer if the material is accepted for publication, providing the following rules are followed:

- * Articles should be confined to 500 words or less.

- * We prefer articles related to prison life, but other topics will be acceptable.

- * Articles should be typed double-spaced if possible, but legibly written material will be accepted.

- * Material submitted may be edited depending upon the interest value, grammar, etc.

- * Unpublished material will not be returned to the sender.

Please send material to Ms. D'Norgia Paul, Correctional Programs News (The Candle), P.O. Box 29063, Chicago, Illinois 60629.

All material sent to us is sent at owner's risk and this publication expressly repudiates any liability or responsibility for anything submitted and used that is not original.

*

*

*

The other day the Eyewatcher saw a group of people saying this **Saying.** (They said that they were practicing articulation)

To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock
In a pestilential prison with a life long walk
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big, black block

(Little do they know how true that used to be!)

*

*

*

Mr. Businessman !

Are you a businessman? Are you willing to assist by means of employment, a man being discharged from Stony Mountain? This space shall be available from this day forth to all firms and employers for the placement of all offers of employment. There will be no charge or obligation.

There are many men in this prison who have been granted paroles, but unless they have certified offers of employment, regulations prevent them from being released to that parole. Those who have served their sentences and being discharged, and many are, will be returning to your communities without a job to go to. Your offer of employment now, to one of these near future releases, might mean the difference between he becoming a useful, law-abiding citizen, or a failure; facing another term in prison.

By placing your offer of employment in this space, it will enable the inmates to become aware of your offer of assistance and your desire to want to help. They, in turn, may contact you by letter applying for the available position.

Who will be the first to place their want ad in the TERMINATOR? Who will be the first to extend a helping hand? Has the recent voice of many MANITOBANS for a change of attitudes and methods of redirecting the lives of incarcerated people truly been a voice of sincerity?

We extend our hands in peace and friendship, and with the sincere desire to prove that we are worthy of your concern and appreciative of any assistance.

Address all enquiries to: The EDITOR
TERMINATOR Magazine
P.O. Box 101
Stony Mountain, Manitoba
ROC 3A0

*

*

*

WHAT DO YOU WANT CANADA MANPOWER TO DO FOR YOU ?

- upgrading of your present educational level?
- training that will lead to apprenticeship?
- carpentry, painting, autobody, mechanics...to name just a few?

Come over and discuss your future. I am in the institution every week day at the Old Hospital. Simply place a request for an interview. If it is urgent, have your instructor phone over. I will make time to see all those who desire my assistance.

I am also in the farm annex Tuesday to Friday. Forward your requests directly to the clerical pool.

START PLANNING NOW!

-Mr. Keith-
(institutional manpower representative)

Prison Journalism?

In spite of the countless expose's, reports, newscasts, books, ad infinitum that have been produced relating to prisons, rehabilitation and corrections generally, I have rarely come in contact with one which I would consider factual and objective. It is terribly unfortunate that those who most often express opinions are rarely equipped scholastically, emotionally or geographically to do so. Facts are often distorted intentionally by individuals seeking sensational copy for the news media. I recall a number of instances of erroneous and/or deceptive reporting, but two specific occasions come to mind as being especially obvious and even potentially very dangerous. The first involves a recent tragedy, which CKY television reported was causing tension to "run high", in the prison at Stony Mountain. Tension was not running high but in fact was at it's lowest ebb I had seen in almost 4 years as an inmate. The intent to sensationalize was quite obvious. I consider the manner in which this was done very crude, potentially very dangerous and worst of all, a betrayal of public trust.

The second situation I would consider to be quite humorous if it weren't so irritating and so flagrant a display of total disregard for privacy. It involved a Winnipeg journalist who wanted to "understand" the way a man feels in prison. This clown (and I'm being kind compared to some of the things he was called) decided his most probable approach was to become a "con for a day." He dressed in prison issue and conned some gullible fool into letting him stay the night in a cell. He was of course snubbed as an infiltrator by all but the most pea brained inmates. He quoted as genuine gut level convict sentiment but failed to mention the type and number of inmates interviewed. None of the inmates I know had heard 95% of the jargon he quoted. This particular journalist made a quick and inconspicuous exit after his cell was "burn't out" which is the generally (inmate) approved method of evicting undesirables. Possibly inmates will be more inclined to believe that journalists are truly motivated by a sense of mature responsibility when they no longer see the need for terms like "bleak fortress" or "Country Club". A Federal medium security correctional institution is located at Stony Mountain and it should be described as such. Bleak fortress is a deceptive sensationalization and Country Club is a lie.

The very first feeling when I see someone walking through the prison festooned with cameras and tape recorders is akin to the one you would have should someone try to talk to to you as you are perched on the john. It simply isn't the time or place is it? Jail is much the same in that it's an embarrassing position to be caught in. It means you've lost, you can't cope, you're inadequate or a lot of other negative things.

(Prison Journalism?)

Although the knowledge of actual programme application retained by many inmates is great, it is unfortunately, tainted in many cases. Many inmates use opportunities to express themselves as a means to vent their pent up hatred and others make an attempt to gain favour. To the best of my knowledge there are few logical, objective and constructive inmate expressions of opinion and this is damned unfortunate. In view of the above mentioned and because I am concerned and sometimes alarmed at stories that supposedly refer to the business to speak publicly on prison issues and answer all requests in any form for information. I welcome your response.

- N. E. Dansereau

* * *

NOTICE

Here is a list of some of the other prison publications available to the general public. We hope that you will get a chance to see these wonderful magazines and obtain, through them, a total picture of prison happenings in Canada.

19 The Advance....Joyceville Institution, P.O. Box 880,
Kingston, Ontario
Canada

28 Inside News....Drumheller Institution, P.O. Box 3000
Drumheller, Alta.
this is \$3.00 per year and they put out a monthly publication
of amazingly good quality.

30 TARPAPER.....Matsqui Institution, P.O. Box 2500
Abbotsford, B.C.
this magazine, too, is of fantastic quality. Their graphics are
something that commercial magazines would be envious of!

31 Off The Wall.....Prince Albert Institution...P.O. Box 160
Prince Albert, Sask.

another fine publication that is still in its growing stages.
The editorial staff there work under some pretty heavy
conditions but they still manage to do a good job!

32 The Outlook....Warkworth Institution, P.O. Box 760
Campbellford, Ontario
K0L 1K0

an excellent magazine. It too, is \$3.00 for a one year
subscription. They have gone through an editorial change lately
but you wouldn't believe it by the quality of their magazine.

Delancey Street Foundation

John Maher is a 33 year old ex-convict who along with three others founded the Delancey Street Foundation in 1971. Today Maher and Foundation are operating out of Pacific Heights, a high rent district of San Francisco, and doing well for themselves.

The following is a collection of excerpts from different U.S. publications.

For the Delancey Street inmates John Maher has an updated version of the "old gumba system," that is, a network of neighbourhood groups called clans, which will be broken into tribes and minions. In this system honest-john-Doe and ex-crook will get a sense of mutual aid and purpose, a strong social organization to identify with, and the excitement of being part of something big and important; Delancey Street will have power, social control and a lot of money. Presently in this city (San Francisco) a fair number of energetic people think Delancey Street's most modest accomplishments are worth studying. This operation does keep a certain number of dope fiends from shooting up, muggers from mugging, and hookers from hooking. It does it cheap. Delancey Street doesn't get a nickel in government money. There's no methadone, nor foundation grants either. There are no professionals involved. No doctors, ministers, social workers, therapists or the rest of those expenisively useless professionals who make their living by failing to do what they are always clamoring they need more money for.

Maher and his Delancey Street ex-crooks take care of themselves **their** own way. They work, and they obey the law.

Washington Post
May 30, 1974

Our central notion is that 100 men who make \$100.00 a week are poor but if they pool it they are making \$520,000.00 per year.

John Maher
Los Angeles Times
March 31, 1974

With everbody living together and eating in the same kitchen, the Delancey Street family has near-zero labour costs.

John Maher
Washington Post
May 30, 1974

Delancey Street believes that it's members can look forward to a future as non-addicts. Consequently, the Delancey Street Family asks it's members to stay only two years. During that time they learn vocational and business skills designed to sustain them in the outside world.

(Delancey cont'd)

Last year (1972) the group took in \$267,000.00 including \$82,000.00 earned by residents holding outside jobs, \$95,000.00 from family-run enterprises, and \$90,000. in donations. This year they hope to raise their take to a million dollars. Part of it will come from a restaurant that the family has bought in downtown San Francisco. In preparation for opening day, members are honing their skills in the mansion's huge kitchen and candlelit dining room, where an ex-addict maitre d'hotel conducts family members and their guests to small tables, and waitresses serve them elegantly.

Two major enterprises are already flourishing. One is a moving company headed by Pete Diaz 29, and the other is a \$45,000.00-a-year flower business operated by Andy Nikolatos 23. "At first," Diaz says, "four of us rented trucks from Hertz and moved our friends. Now we've built it up to twelve people, the family owns a van and we cover any job within 100 miles."

Other profit making undertakings are auto repair and construction businesses. The family also runs short hand classes and sends younger members to public trade schools. One student goes to the San Francisco Art Institute; others attend Drew school, - a prep school that exchanges scholarships for the labour of Delancey's residents. "We know public high school campuses are flooded with narcotics, and we want to protect our kids from that," says Indian born Mon Sandhu, 27. "That's why we send them to private schools."

Says San Francisco County Sheriff Richard Hongisto; "Delancey Street doesn't cost the taxpayers money and it's not bureaucratic, It is reasonably humane - it doesn't keep people locked up. And it has had a reasonable degree of success. Few rehabilitative programs do as well."

Times News Magazine
March 19, 1974.

The point being presented in these excerpts is that the Canadian ex-convict does not have to enter the outside world with an unsure future. He can leave here with the realization that something is there to help him through the rough spots. In Canadian prisons there is, contrary to popular belief, no actual facilities for training a man for well paying jobs. With a Canadian-Delancey Street program the opportunity will be available and all the ex-con needs are his release papers and the determination not to return to prison. Think about it. Here is an opportunity to pull ourselves out of the rut we live in, all we need is hard work and co-operation. If we can work together for the future, by pooling our knowledge and our resources, you and I may never have to return to prison and all it's inadequacies.

(Delancey cont'd)

And you out there, the taxpayer, you think about it. With such a program on a national scale your tax dollars will go to better things than supporting 9000 men who do not want your support, only a chance to advance in a world hostile toward his efforts.

The men and women inside Canadian prisons can not do much toward beginning a project such as this, it must begin out there in society, if not by those already released, then by people leaving these places in the very near future.

The importance of a project of this nature can not be stressed strongly enough. It is important to us (the convicts), more so than to society. Therefore it is our responsibility to initiate the program and to operate it.

-contributed by Richard Anderson

* * *

NOTICE

oo the Communicator.....Springhill Institution...P.O. Box 2140
Springhill, N.S.

Unfortunately, we haven't had much communication with our friends out East, but we do have a couple of their papers. They give an up to date and complete look at what goes on in their prison.

✓Transition...314 Avenue Building
220 Third Avenue South
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

here is a magazine that wraps it all together for you. This magazine represents a number of different institutions in western Canada. It carries a lot of the information that you would like to know that the smaller publications don't have. In addition to that, it is based in Regina and Saskatoon and, therefore, they have more access to information that would be difficult for an "inside" paper to get. If you want to know what's happening, then it's a must!

We really do hope that people out there will have a look at these papers and find out just what is going on. All it takes is a stamp and I'm sure that they will all send you a complementary copy just to show you that I am right. The best way to knock down the walls about prisons is to explore them and reveal their true structure; and they are not what they appear to be. By acquiring these magazines, you'll get a complete picture of exactly what does happen in different institution throughout Canada. Be informed about prisons. Every bit helps!

SHOW - A-THON

The inmates of Stony Mountain have shown the world that they are not the cruel, insolent, two-horned animals that so many seem to think they are! They, we, have produced a variety show to raise funds for the Crippled Children of Manitoba. Here is a short rundown of exactly what has taken place.

The main idea came from one of the men on the institution's entertainment Committee. The chairman of the committee, Pat McKeen, decided to pursue this fantastic idea. And, he did. He put hours of energy into the formation of a workable format that began to emerge as one of the greatest concerts that have yet been presented within this institution. Along with him were five other central people of his committee. These men dedicated their hours and their efforts in an unprecedented committal to the welfare of someone other than themselves.

The Entertainment Committee set about lining up entertainment from within the institution. They found a Master of Ceremonies that has been a pillar of laughs within the institution as well as being a great organizer of variety productions. From this man, the Committee got a committal for three ten minute skits; all of them looking great during dress rehearsals.

The Entertainment Committee then lined up some music. They approached the three institutional bands and recieved committments from them as well. These three bands then began work on their programs.

At last the Entertainment Committee was able to get down to the serious business of fund raising. They arranged to take donations from the inmates within the prison first. In a few short days, the Committee was able to round up in excess of five hundred dollars, (\$500.00); all from the inmates; many of whom had to give money from their canteen funds; a very small income indeed for the incarcerated inmate.

Television and Radio broadcasting was implemented at the request of the Entertainment Committee by Mr. Joe Petzold; the man who takes care of all Arts and Culture within the institution. Joe Petzold contacted CBC and CFRW and laid out the story. As a result, there is a great deal of advertising being given to the production.

The concert(s) have been laid out so that many different factions of people somehow involved with corrections would have the opportunity to see the show and donate from their pocketbooks as well.

The first of these concerts will be on Oct. 20 for the inmates and their families. The second will be on Oct. 27th for the staff members and their families. The

(Show-A-Thon cont'd)

third production will be for the entire inmate population with a number of organizations from outside participating. It is on this third production that the presentation of the cheque to the Crippled Children's Foundation will be carried out. All the contribution will have been tabulated by then.

These shows will be televised sometime in the not too distant future. We hope that you will watch, on your CBC network, the Show*-A-*Thon that is being presented by the inmates of Stony Mountain.

Next issue we will have a final article on the subject. We will know how much the Entertainment Committee was able to present and we will be able to give you a rundown of whatever organizations participated in the event.

Thanks to Pat McKeen, the Entertainment Committee, the Indian Metis Pow Wow Dancers, the Blues-Boogie Band, Soul Spectrum, the Country Natives, the Bob Shewring Toastmasters Club, (for skits), Arts and Culture, the institution's Socialization Dept., and to Tex Mallette for putting it all together. A special THANKYOU goes to the inmate population of Stony Mountain for a job well done. So you see, there are things going on in Stony Mountain that negate the myth that inmates have horns and breathe fire.

See you for more Show-A-Thon next issue.

Incidentally, the Stony Mountain Entertainment Committee (SMEC) has a number of programs lined up for the general populace of the institution. They are planning a weiner roast in the gymnasium; or so their chairman says. The catch is that everyone has to bring their own buhs.

*

*

*

NEXT ISSUE:

Watch next issue for a special on the Inmate Representative Committee. It will be a real eye opener for those of you who know little or nothing about it and a real shocker for those of you who do!

*

*

*



Prison Subculture ; Part 2

EDITORIAL COMMENT:

This issue we are writing about the induction into a Federal institution. In all fairness to Stony Mountain, I must state that this institution is not reflected in the opening paragraphs of this article due to recent innovations in the programs and actual construction within the prison itself. Again, I emphasize that these articles are the work of a number of people rather than just the work of the editorial staff of the TERMINATOR Magazine.

*

*

*

When a person has just been sentenced to a Federal Penitentiary, he is filled with fears and anxieties about the environment he is about to enter. He has, in all probability, heard stories and rumours about the prison during the time he spent in provincial holding pens, and, even discounting much of it as false, envisions a future of hardships surmounting anything that he has seen on television or in a movie. He has no true notion of what to expect. In this frame of mind, the inmate catches his first view of a penitentiary.

If he were going to Prince Albert, or Dorchester, or St. Vincent de Paul, he would first notice a huge tower so predominant that it dwarfed the thirty-foot walls of the prison itself. He would be driven through a huge iron gate; manned by the staff within the monstrous tower. This alone would create a paranoia in the person. He would hear the electrical circuits close the gate with a deafening and final clang. The impact of it would rock him. The fears and anxieties of the inductee is now a tangible animal that threatens to choke him to death. His chest constricts, his breathing is shallow, he is trying to find some shred of sanity in the events that have led him to this God forsaken place.

In the case of these institutions above, the inmate then enters a cell block where he is bedded. It is here that he writes all his personality tests and learns the routine of the prison. It is here that he has the most time to live with his fears. While in reception he sees the validity of the stories. He envisions homosexual rapes and thinks that he sees other inmates leering at him from the dark recesses of corners. He thinks that he sees people giving him dirty looks and, just possibly, carrying a knife that has his name on it.

Yes, these are real fears for the newcomer to a penitentiary. These are fears born of fact from a time in the past.

In Stony Mountain and Drumheller, the process is somewhat different.

Stony Mountain has a new reception area that has been brightened to wash away any

(Prison Sub-Culture cont'd)

of those old fears. The inmates are almost totally segregated from the remainder of the prison populace for the first month of their incarceration. They see few inmates and only a few trusted ones for any length of time.

During their induction process they are given the standard psychological tests to determine their personalities. They are made aware of all the various activities that are available within the institution. They are made aware of the full implications of their sentences. After approximately four weeks, they are placed in population with a better view of what to expect, and, in most cases, with their fears vaporized by their new knowledge.

In Drumheller, there is a center that is referred to as the Re-training centre. The inmates there follow the same procedures as the inmates do in Stony Mountain. Drumheller is also set up as a living unit and, therefore, the inmates that go there are preselected for a number of reasons. Therefore, there is very little problem with fears based on the institution itself. Drumheller is not the type of institution that inspires stories.

However, in any prison, the inductee is forced to undergo changes that have been formulated by his fears and anxieties prior to his being placed in the prison itself. These fears are real to the inmate and almost everyone experiences them at one time or another.

Next issue we will look at the prisons themselves. For the sake of the article, we will confine our observations to this penitentiary itself. There is just too much information available to speak about more than one prison. So, we shall see you again next issue with "Prison Sub-Culture, Part III".

Part III will be the final part of this article. It will also be the final issue of the TERMINATOR for the year. However, we have similar projects lined up for the next coming year. One project bears similarities to Prison Sunculture but it is a great deal more explanatory.

*

*

*

Twenty-Five-Thirty-Eight Parole

"Next," called out the blue eyed vivacious parole officer. I looked around the waiting room and mildly surprised to see that I was the only one left. I looked back at the parole officer and with a smile she said, "I guess you must be Dawes."
"Yes I guess I am."

I got off the hard chair that I was sitting on for the last ninety minutes, (was it that long?) Going into the small interview room I noted the small stack of files placed on the floor. On the desk, in front of her sits the last one - mine, and it must be all of two inches thick. For a moment I sense a mild panic, what could they have on me which could cause a file to be so thick?

For the next few minutes she attempts to put me at ease asking inconsequential questions and talking about the weather. I get this impresssion she is silently shouting, I'm a human being, like me please. Or it could be she is only reflecting back my own emotional vibrations.

Now we get down to the purpose of the interview, why do I desire a parole? "To get out you fool," is quickly suppressed. That answer is okay to give your fellow cons and even the guards, but it lacks the necessary polish that is fitting for the occassion.

So I explain to her that I'm well into my fifth year of incarceration and in the last two or so years I have busted my butt, (excuse me ma'am) to improve myself. From grade eight education to a first year university standing didn't come out of a Crackerjack box. That for six months I saw the institutional psychologist until I dropped it, and involved myself in other rehabilitative programs.

I don't tell her about all the nights I worked straight through till breakfast time studying and writing essays, nor do I tell her about the ~~sweats~~ I go through prior to exams or the vomiting on the mornings of the exams. If I did tell her then I would have to explain that my 'morning sickness' is indicative of submitting a good paper.

Once I walked into the examination room in a cheerful mood bombed out on that particular exam and just barely earned a bout of the whole course. The two A's from the previous tests saved me. I can't tell her my theory about writing exams she would think me wierd.

Nor do I tell her that my classification officer wanted to sit in on these sessions. In his words it would be a learning experience that would help him with other in-

(twenty-five-thirty-eight Parole cont'd)

mates. When he said that the idea flashed through my mind. "Would you take your mother-in-law with you when you have your weekly session with a psychiatrist?"

I don't tell her these things or others because it is none of her damn business.

The penalty one pays for being brought up by the old inmate code.

Finally we get down to the important questions, what would I do on a parole and what is the state of my finances?

I tell her that I transferred to the faculty of Education and ultimately my goal is to teach senior secondary History or Endlish. That mild frown which passed her countenance is surely a figment of my imagination, or is it? (Are inmates prohibited from playing the Social Upward Mobility Game?)

Now we get to my finances; how much will I have upon release. My answer of about twenty-five thrty dollars is met with disbelief. She says this is not possible; my compulsorary savings alone would add up to over three hundred.

I spend the next ten minutes explaining to her why this is so. Normally I would tell her to ~~phone~~ the accountants to verify my statement. The reason I don't is because of latent bitterness over this particular point.

First, (to add to her disbelief), I tell her I'm on grade four and paid seven days a week. That means a grade sum of a dollar seventy-five goes into my compulsory savings weekly. That is the maximum possible.

Then I start listing my liabilities, university test books, temporary absences and sister Evelyn.

The first liability, the textbooks is countered quickly and with smugness. The institution will pay the cost of these books I'm told. So I join in playing the "yes but," game. A game equally employed from either side of the fence. By getting the institution to pay for the books I would be lucky to get them inside of ninety days; or a minimum of two assignments late. Ordering them out of personal monies cuts the time lag down to a mere five weeks or so.

She concedes this point grudgingly and with poorly concealed ill grace; she has had first hand experience in trying to get the government to buy something quickly too.

We go quickly on the temporary absences. She's on firm ground here. "If you have no funds available then money will be given to you from public funds."

Trap two is quickly sprung, I cite the directive from Ottawa that says money for T/A's will come from personal funds, canteen and lastly, compulsary savings when the first two are exhausted. I've been told that this will teach financial responsability. When I first heard that, an old cliché went tripping through my

(Twenty-five-thirty-eight Parole cont'd)

mind, "the rich get richer and poor get poorer."

Sour grapes, I could be accused of firmly sitting in the middle of the "somethin' for nothin' school." Finally we get to Evelyn and why I sent her money. This is hard to explain because I'm not sure myself. In over ten years we have had no contact, then this summer she and her husband show up. All the way from Detroit, Michigan; a fair distance to travel to see the black sheep of the family.

We've always been anticonists but rarely does it break through our veneers of civilization I digress though. The important part of our relationship is the deep seated ability to emotionally lacerate each other, her superficially, me deeply. After a ten year hiatus it takes only two letters to bring our relationship up to date.

Safely back in Detroit she reneges on her offer of financial assistance. She cites her liabilities, an unexpected accident which put her car in the bump shop. The cost of bringing up her six boys. Last but surely not least, the heriband cost of going back to university. She wants her Masters and that costs twenty-five dollars a credit hour, and have I any idea what textbooks cost? (Yes, Evelyn, I have a very good idea what textbooks cost.)

So I react, according to script (family motto;-don't give a damn - give a dollar) and send her money, all I can. After all what are siblings for if you can't rely on them in your hour of need?

Instead of telling her all of this I simply say, she has a greater need for it than I do. I do toy with the idea of telling her my brother in law is a parole officer, but reason prevails, there are some family skeltons that should never see the light of day.

Towards the end of our inter view I ask her what my chances are of getting a parole. They are not supposed to say but invariably they give an indication.

Thelma (first names and pals now) jokingly says I have a better chance of getting a twenty-five-thirty-eight parole. This is an "in" joke steeped with prisons vernacular. What it means is being discharged with twenty-five dollars (a legal minimum) and using it to buy a thirty-eight.

I laugh along with her, both of us know that we are only going through the motions required by law. Now that the proceedings are over and we're relaxing with a cigarette she asks me what I'm going to do with the rest of my sentence; a mere sixteen months.

I tell her I'm going back to my cell and write down my impressions of the interview. "Oh, why do that?" she asks me with a smile. "To submit it to the prison newspaper

(twenty-five-thirty-eight Parole)

and send a copy of it to my sister."

We say our goodbyes amid laughter.

I was going to tell her that the reasons for mailing a copy to my sister was in order to shame her into sending back my money. I didn't bother to tell Thelma that we live in inflationary times and a thirty-eight can't be bought with twenty-five dollars. There are certain things people shouldn't be exposed to in this life.

-Jim Duxter

* * *

THOUGH ALL THE FATES SHOULD PROVE UNKIND

-Henry David Thoreau-
(1895)

Though all the fates should prove unkind,
Leave not your native land behind.
The ship, becalmed, at length stands still;
The steed must rest beneath the hill;
But swiftly still our fortunes pace
To find us out in every place.
The vessel, though her masts be firm,
Beneath her copper bears a worm;
Around the cape, across the line,
Till fields of ice her course confine;
It matters not how smooth the breeze,
How shallow or how deep the seas,
Whether she bears manilla twine,
Or in her hold Madeira wine,
Or China teas, or Spanish hides,
In port or quarantine she rides;
Far from New England's blustering shore,
New England's worm he hulk shall bore,
And sink her in the indian seas,
Twine, wine, and hides, and China teas.

*

*

*

Systematic Overhaul

There is a great deal of speculation these days about program development within the Federal penitentiaries in Canada. A number of questions are being asked concerning how to deal with offenders and how to re-structure the penal system so as to get maximum benefit from incarceration for both society and the inmate. Recently, I became involved in a discussion on this very topic and I would like to share some of the answers I have heard.

To begin with, the courts are giving out far too much time for the crimes. A first offender in a Non-Capital Murder charge automatically receives a life sentence. Where is the value of this? After approximately two or three years, the offender is ready to resume his place in society. He has generally overcome all the mental deficiencies that allowed him to murder in the first place. However, this man, because he is sentenced to a life sentence, must serve ten years before he can be released on a parole. Even then he is forever with the stigma of being a convicted murderer and on parole for the remainder of his natural life! Because of our system, the man will grow bitter and angry as he encounters more and more hardships. In a number of cases, (more than the Penitentiary Service would have us believe), the individuals become so bitter and angrily frustrated that their chances of true rehabilitation are almost NIL! The question here is that the sentence is too long. If that sentence were to be four years, and a program was laid out to that man explaining how he could earn his release at the end of that four years, then there would be a much greater chance of that person rehabilitating themselves. They would then have motivation for change. If the institution, then, would tell them that they could receive a parole at the end of that four years by doing certain things, and kept their word about it, then the individuals would know that they have something to work for. They would know that the powers that be aren't just paying lip service to something that will con the inmate into thinking their way. Yes, there is far too much time being given to people. The amount of time that is given to an offender totally negates any rehabilitation after a period of time. It doesn't matter who the inmate is. Whenever anyone, anywhere, is told that they must serve a period of enforced confinement, they are going to rebel. If they are told that they can earn their way out by following a program, then they should be able to do so with the sanction of the powers that govern their lives during incarceration. There should be total honesty on each side of the fence. There would be a mutual respect then that would not otherwise exist and

(Overhaul cont'd)

that certainly does not exist now!

The standard procedures today are that the institution tells a man that he can earn himself a temporary leave of absence, or a parole if he sees his classification officer regularly, partakes of the available programs, stays out of trouble, and carries out proper behaviour. So, the inmate does this. After six or eight months, he applies for a leave of absence and doesn't get it! He doesn't understand. He asks his classification officer why this is and the classification officer says that he doesn't know. The inmate, frustrated, tries again and still gets nowhere. After a period of time he just gives up and begins to rebel. This is a common story in prisons in Canada. There is so much of it going on that a lot of inmates see it and just give up themselves without even applying themselves with any real effort. They see it happen to so many others that they automatically recognize the futility of things. Therefore, the institution negates the worth of its' own programs through dishonesty and "chinsey" head games.

I realize that these statements are a little harsh, but they are, nonetheless, very true. If the powers that be, and I don't mean just the institutions, were to accept the inmate at face value rather than attempting to undermine their mentality, then the inmates would respond better and a great deal more would be accomplished by both the inmate and the system.

Living Unit Programs that work properly, do this. However, if there is no true sincerity on the part of the staff, then the Living Unit negates itself as well. Perhaps it even does more damage because the inmates that are messed up by it will never again have faith in a system that is a part of the government. They will automatically seek injustice in everything that happens to them and find a way to blame it on the system rather than on themselves.

Naturally, there are many things that could be done to solve the problems that I've outlined here. There are many ways to correct the errors of the system. However, it would take years to write them and even more years to put them into effect. It is, I believe, the duty of all penitentiary officials to try and create a constructively rehabilitational program so that the inmates will return to society and discontinue their deviant behaviour. This can only come from an honesty with the inmate and an honesty within the system.

Rehabilitation can work in reverse too. A man could be "normal" in every sense of the word after a period of time and then do a complete reversal because of the failures of the system that exists in prisons today.

*

*

*

The Cosmic Dreamers

"The objects of sense in the world ever changing—
These we adhere to as things of reality;
But in the ocean of birth and death, they drown us.
How long shall we wander in this path of dreams?
This world to us indeed seems permanent and fixed,
Yet after all, what is it but a road of dreams
To which life after life we must perforce return?

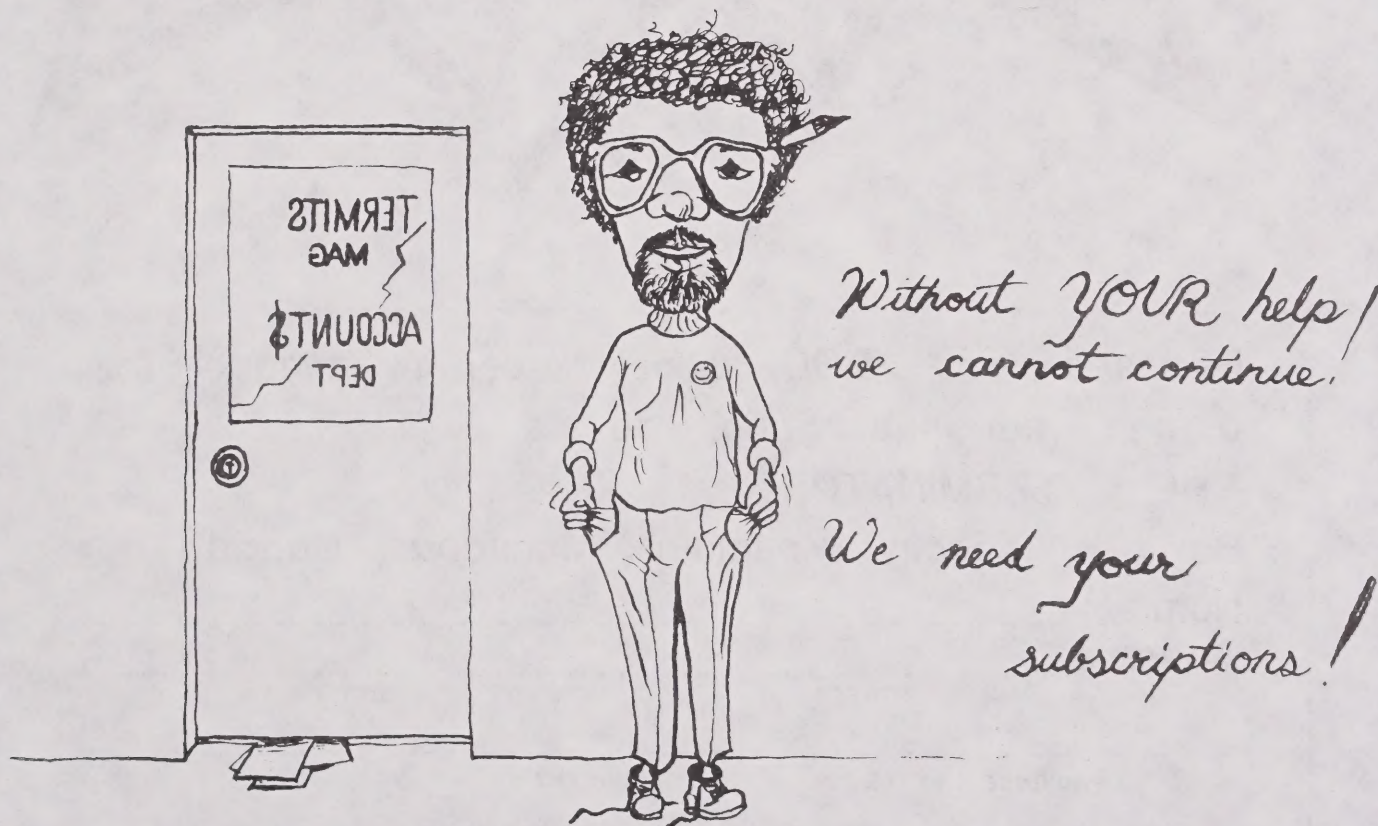
-Seami Motokiyo-

People Sleep, and when they die they wake.

-Muhammad-

The whole of existence is imagination within imagination, while true being is
God alone.

-Ibn 'Arabî-



GET RESULTS
ADVERTISE
IN THE TERMINATOR.
FOR SPACE CONTACT,
"REASONABLE RATES DEPT."
c/o THE EDITOR
THE TERMINATOR
BOX 101,
STONY MOUNTAIN, MAN.

Enclosed find 3.00 money order or cheque for
a one year subscription to -

THE TERMINATOR

Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba, Canada

Name

Address

STREET

CITY

PROVINCE / STATE

COUNTRY

ZONE

DO NOT SEND CASH